

THE UNPOETIC AGE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE POEMS

OF

DO EYNAPH LRO NYR

O world oppressed ones ! our existence must
Be some existence, that 'twill never be
Erased, annihilate it as one will,
Our being is not dust, nor shall to dust
Return, for this our Soul eternally

The beauty we do see in life, is kind
Enough to give the sight we see it by,
And true, too, that the beauty we do live
For in this strife, is there but for our
Greatness own that we come to know it by

*My lady smiled when like a flowercup

I took her in my arms in thought, and wept :

Whilst of all complainings made a bud. Up

I looked at her, and sighed: such pity pressed

Out of her that she took the bud, caressed

It gently and to her own bosom, though

Throbbing as fast as my tears ran, fixed.

Then, then, I did also smile, and we slow

Buried ourselves in a pure kiss to know

Neither its end, nor beginning. So high,

So deep! our breath ceased to move to and fro.

It seems to me that kiss is lasting by

The music of eternity: 'tis so.

But who is the flowercup, she or I ?

My one desire is that I may be by
Some such beam of light possessed as the One
Our Maker, has bent to the shape of Woman —
Who reigns in fabled truth her queendom high

For I feel that of such vehemence is my
Love of beauty that it would tear the Sun
From off its path, and stay the fiery run
Of planets, if despair their mettle try

This, this alone, I want, and no longing
Other have I, so far the world must know ,
And that only for a greater purpose
The Great Monarch of the Universe I owe

For peace of spirit within, and ascending
'Planes to unearthly stratosphere and space

Away with me somewhere, far, far, away
To some land beyond the farthest horizon,
Where layers of air are fill'd with happiness,
Where clouds just peep and disappear,
And the sun is always shining, or the moon
With purer grace than in the desert lands of Egypt

O, let me live in a world of beauty, where only beauty
lives,

It alone we hear, it alone we feel, we breathe of it
And drink of it everywhere it meets the eye
And then, of such grace, and jocund merriment,
That it never weeps in grief,
And never grieves its tears of joy,
Where every smile is born of a myriad smiles
Rising deep down from within the inner heart and
deeper still—

Its eyes are smiling eyes, caressing eyes, and
On its lips lies the beauty of many a long-lived kiss,

And laughter careless, free, and unabashed,
And every game of frolic that they play is not in vain
'Tis all a world of rapture from which we never return
No satiety is there, where every word is a song,
And every song a melody,
Binding like the strings of a guitar
To the greater beauty within

Paris 1937

This yester night again I dreamed She said
to me, while in my hand her hand she laid
“Here we shall live in the warmth and cold
of life, here we shall see the crescent mould
to full in a frame of starred diamonds,
with lustre of the burnished Sun, and Sands ”
Here the goodly house of strength was a sight
of glory in and out The earth milk white,
passing winds scented or the raiment
of angels, many breathed deep giving vent
to their Godly souls shut in, fountains fair
gushed down from nowhere to some well-heard call,
every gem, the best, shone into the air,
and Heaven’s given light stretched out to all

Our fear is love adoring when we come
To thee, or just breathe and live, and do the
Daily work of life, thy doing alone,
In sheer fulfillment of thy precious will.

We belong to thee, having shown a glimpse
In nature of thy unveiled Self, who art
Grandeur of Peace, Great Beginning of Life, Prime
Cause, and so the End, Truth, Everlasting
Countenance, the Adorable One—— in
One flight of rapture is there sustenance,
And the worlds stay, for inseparate is all
To us. Here, there, everywhere, and upon
The ~~r~~ising bosom of the Universe
Thou liest high, all things in love with Thee.

July, 1938

Upon this desert village, and the sea
At hand, sandhills, flowers, and everything
The full moon doth rest; and stars are showering
Heaven's grace on earth and ether freely.

Calm nature's too serene for thought, as the
M'ezzin's cry to prayer is just heard fleeting
Away to all silent corners bearing
The divine hour with awful majesty.

But, great woman, as here I see thee pray,
What stranger feelings creep on me anew !
Thy soul is held within the Being Prime,
For I can sense that space is more sublime:
Thy prostrations have an eternal way
About them. The child asleep prayeth too.

I know not what to do when things come on
Together from all sides, and tear the very
Fibres of this life, as though I were a
Broken palm-leaf caught up in a whirlwind

This way and that I look, and see but years
Of sleepless nights, far far away my love,
Here these million souls betrayed and the Earth
Daydreaming sunk in ruin No time have
I to write even the song of Mankind

(Contd)

O', I wish I could fly away into
The stratosphere, and have the power to lose
Myself therein! Or, that I could banish
Me to some distant isle, and there write
Of life reborn, and mirth and merriment
To come Or that I were Oblivion's lord,
That I might break away for ever from
The horrid past, dead to his dismal light

(Contd)

O, victory o'er each foe ' for I shall go
On as I am until the day when I
Shall look back on a wasted youth, perchance,
A wasted life, unless tomorrow's break
Of one eternal dawn should bring again
To me the strength of hope in quiet
Strife and being, with Liene proudly
Pacing arm-in-arm the walks of life, and
Moving where The Finger points But until
Then the wheel of life but surges in vain

What hast Thou drawn ?

My very kind on the bium of fall !

Holding the pillar that is Illusion,

Whilst alabaster and his call

Stand near,

Which eyes seem to shun

For Fear ?

What hast Thou drawn ?

There's lightening in slick chase behind , ..

And thunder rolling in darkling clouds , ..

Uprooting storms make all but blind ,

Yet see

The mirage and shrouds,

Where Flee !

What hast thou drawn ?

STRAY STANZAS

But whither art thou leaving ?

So shorn of hope as

One who would swim braving

Tempests is taken by waves,

And knows yon lights will not

Stretch out to save his lot

That diamond in some crown,

Which shone too brightly on

Fair princess of renown

Was cast away and drawn

To nought—It shalt never

Even hope to glimmer

One who loving this world

Is fading low will not

Believe that the soul's hurl'd

Back to a fleshful croft,

For if we do not scorn

Law, here life's not reborn

(Contd)

Hope is the sail of love,
They say,—but for oceans
'Tween us I'll never move
From thy two main prisons,
Wild is destiny's self,
Like true love to itself,

Snow to ever-resting,
Heights beneath which may be
Seen purple green kissing
Himal'yan hues, whilst the
Twitter of birds does not blush
Streams, which now and then blush

Like voices to the air,
Both created before
Adam moaned in despair,
When Eve the last pangs tore,
She left him forsaken
O love's joy and Eden "

TO T I T

Fill, thou Mist, the mountain-vale
 Conceal awhile the verdure, barren rocks,
 Roads, houses, human faces, even me,
 Annul all visibility
 Blow into our beings, within
 The hungry bosoms draw like winds
 Into the full-breasted sail

How often have I seen thee far away
 In the lost gaping valley,
 A veil of eternity,
 An aerial spring, whose spray
 Cleanseth everything
 And 'long the hill where Vincent bendeth to
 The other side, and here our breaths unlock
 Their thirst for thee all-tempestuous, never shy

In thy glide there is a natural
 Grace to thine own music elfin
 Rare must be the human soul
 Who wouldst turn averse to thee
 When thou zealous, and gay,
 Enraptured, blowest fleeting
 Higher and higher all too eager to caress,
 When if we look about thou art all around us
 What beauty is thine ! What strange embrace ! What
 wondrous,
 Flawless love thou showest !
 For thou canst kiss one's entire being
 Within, without, all at once

Flowers red, and the falling snow,
 Brooklets murmuring, and the glade,
 Or the multicoloured rainbow,
 Fall far too short of thee in appealing
 To the aesthetic mind
 They are but a fancy of the childish eye
 Thou silent, serene, and well astray,
 Art the same everywhere

(Contd.)

Of strength great, eclipse thou everything,
For thou must exist alone Overpower
Tall ferns, the icéd Everest,
And Moosoon's deodars Hidden
Let be the skies, and giant Himalay
Yea, fill, thou Mist, the mountain vale
Conceal for ever the barren rocks and verdure
Caress our beings, within, without, all at once

(Mussoorie, June 1940)

Whither goest thou, O'er? clad in chaste
And heavy armour, shield on arm, and brand
So fiercely clenched in thy vein-crushing hand
What impatient and blood-foreboding haste!

Giant of a man, thou, thy wrath is great,
Too harsh thy feet tread the stone alleys, and
Mecca's houses shed their hardened sand,
As now thou stampest in thy awful gait

Thou wouldst smother the peace of all creation ..
But thou wilt not — This very half hour thou
Shalt be in the presence of a mightier
Strength, and tomorrow thy name like the Sun
Shalt for ever fly beside our banner.. .
To such an one, indeed, thou owest now

T A P A W

Thou common sparrow, why out of thy nest ?
The lofty Sun hath made this day too bright
For any creature that is not the best
To show its middling-self at beauty's height
Coarse bird, thou art not welcome to the sight,
No colour giv' th allurements to thy wing,
Thou hast no music, grace, no wealth, or light,
Everything in thee is dull and teasing

Ah ! but I do not hate thee worthless thing
Live ! Live ! there is some hidden good in thee
When our floods are over thou mayest bring
The olive leaf of peace to us, happy
In the world's new bliss Then thou shalt not be
At this end nor at that of life's being

O, Spring when thou comest again bring with
Thee the lady Audrey, and bring her first
Fresh love, that which some day she shall have for
Someone Come as first I saw thee arm in
Arm with her, in thy budding spirit of youth,
Treading down the pavement—such dignity,
And ease, such grace, and youthfulness, so shy
She knew not where to rest her lovely eyes

When the sweetpea and Jacinth are scatter'd
Wild, and bluebirds sing on stem and thistle,
And all life drinketh deep of thee, enrapt
In carefree thoughtlessness I'm often seen
About the streets and fields when happy I
Forget the world, perhaps, because 'tis mine

I will not tell any one, but one day
I shall go away to the island of
The Sea-Lake The island of the Sea-lake
Rises high into the skies not a Flower
Grows there, not a drop of rain e'er falls, but
Clean rugged barren rocks warmed by the soft
And mellow sun have something of love steeped
In them, where neither hope, nor grief, nor pain,

Nor vicissitudes exist There crowned with
The dignity of patience I shall live,
I'll often laugh, and sin in merriment,
And sometimes, perhaps, when stars are bright with
Frivolousness I'll sit again at the lake,
Thinking of the days when your love was mine

The bee embraced the flowers with its sin in rounds ,
The ants so toilsome formed their hill-side link ,
The Sun took rest from lustre's skiey bounds ,
And raging winds, that drunken ship might sink,
Did float her on to shores of joyfulness—
But man lay dreaming, sighing, idle in deluded actions,
worthless

Spring shall flower, autumn reap in turn ,
Tempests rage, sleep, and blow away anew ,
Dethroned darkness shelter in her cavern ,
And tears may change to smiles, and birth to true ,
Or, fortune kiss those hopes it once did spurn ,
Or, life to dust, and dust to life return ,
But, Vanity, man shall ever dream illusions of you,

(Written in Paris 1937)

How well I do remember that one night,
1 Allahabad, as the moon shone high,
and in its blue light everything lay shy,
——' twas such moonlight as daubs the lowliest
blade of grass, and cold speck, in majesty—
I paced by the full-brimm'd lake by a row
of trees that flank the road on but one side,
reen fields on the other, then grey to sight,
and a belt of road, some sort of beauty
crept into my bosom then and is there
still—— 'Twas some power tacit overwhelming,
some oment of sublime serenity,
when the Soul lives within the body
of reater nature and then for ever
is reater than before, through each fairest
day to co e, or darkest, in the whirl'gig

Contd

And I remember, too, how another
night the same moon shone high, and I was by
the Jemna below the shadows of the
great Red Fort, I heard many a ruin
speak to me, many a rueful rhyme,
and also in Pawhi, the good maiden
of the village by her gait and jing chime
I knew that more than thousand years ago
she looked the same, and looks the same to-day
Her silver bands were shackles to my sight,
and on her upright head was the burthen
of alien might No hand of wisdom is
in love with her the tyrant who shall slay,
and lead her to the paths of liberty?

Contd

And I remember, too, the shampacs and
 lady o' nights in Kaiserbagh, the clear
 blue skies, the loveliest stars, the loveliest
 moon, and Ghatni avenues, cool mornin'
 winds, and blithe evenings filled with merriment
 of childhood, when I never thought of grief,
 or pain, or cares, and pride, and shame uncouth,
 or Fate's yoke. Careless frolic, careless play
 nights of peace and rest. And I remember,
 too, my good friends, and jocund damsels gay
 and my father, that diamond of a man,
 awe-inspiring he, of great love and truth
 'Tis all but a simple tale of happier
 days and happier ways of life that went
 by long ago, and never more shall be

Now a ain, O Peace, you light upon my heart
A ain y bosso swells with the joy and happiness
Of every one on earth; once ore is life
Co plete and full

Contd

Once again the light of Heaven shines upon this
Land of——', the horrid cloisters of the Island melt,
And God's universal glory breaks upon the world
In droplet lights

Once again the word of peace is sent around,
So the risen towers fall, and others open out their gates
beside,
Whilst cleansing storms and hurricanes destroy
The idols in our lives

Greater purity the higher strength in man has cherish-
ed
Loneliness, takes hold again of the vein of life,
And blind, walking, deathless sickness passed
Without a feeling of regret

*Word of one syllable omitted

Contd

Earthquake, floods, fire, and war, in confounded-minds
have done

Their work by nature,—the link that holds the ele-
ments and mind,—

For suddenly the star that was truth fell

And there was a din

Once again there is another meaning to the best

In both our lives , again the justice of things awakens

Wide, and the universe rolls on surging

Into the law supreme

In this greatest joy awaited we forget the past ,

Forget the past we may, for all the power in death has
faded,

As the Crescent rises high, and the lustre of a

Million Sun is dimmed

Paris 1937

I am lonesome
As it is, yet
Just when the Sun
Is in the lower
Skies the rains come
With lightning
And soft thunder,
And for hours and
Hours keep on, as tho'
You were nearby,
And I could in
A moment be
With you, holding
You to myself,
Caressing and whisperin
The words that only
The other night,
On the Aerodrome,
In the full glow
Of the moon I
Spoke, and no one
Was there in sight,
Save far away
The silhouetted
Shooting butts,
And far away
The wind-sock that
Show'd the gentle
Wind, and below,
The sleeping watchman's
Glimmering lamp
Yes, the rains come
Unaware of the loo
They diffuse, so
Nonchalantly
Giving painful
Life to the all too
Sweet memories
Of but yesterday,
And bringing home
The emptiness of Life

O why will not
A human heart
Within the bosom
Sink and whither ?
Heavy must loom
Upon my head
The daily strife
When we are apart.

I know that in
A brief while again
The skies shall be clear,
And here and there
Shall friends assemble
Long, and stars shall
Crowd their glamour
On the bathèd air,
And towards dawn
Shall sweeter songs
Be heard from hedgerows
In the garden
But as it is,
I am cheerless
And even then I may
or not of solace
Dream Thus far, at least,
Do the sullen rains
Make one feel blue,
And fill the air
With vapours dismal,
For we shall not meet
For many many
Months, and before
Then the Autumn,
A burning summer,
And a monsoon,
When the rains
Shall come again

O, thou Lord of strength and power '
Thou Lord indeed of sweet and sour '
On me some such blessing shower,
As in the Spring in morning's bower,
Blooms on every stem and flower
As Hyperion's past the dusky lower,
Roused on hill and cliff and tower,
Shines brighter hour after hour '

My soul instil with some such grace,
As, when brandishes Truth his mace,
And zealous meteors flit and race,
Illuminates afire the halo'd face ,
That touches too the burnished space ,
That indeed which all ones very sight does brace,
That every eye may gaze upon his pace,
And all untarnished beauty may embrace '

Contd

From low levels arise me higher,
So that body and soul may never tire,
That I may be the prophetic crier,
From me arise destruction dire,
Let come from me the constructive fire,
And I again the winsome liar,
I the middle, and I the last, and I the prior,
Thus my bondage with thy mercy hire !

Why, O', why must I within my bosom cry ?
Thou Providence and Mercy very nigh !
Thou within desire, within the sigh !
Thou fantasy with unborn excellence vie,
Nought with thy willing to shape doth hie ,
One beam from Light to rosebuds shy
The gorgeous heavens to the earth canst tie
And serenity at random ply
Thus, change me suddenly, or by and by !

Mussoorée, 1940

Enough of the Earth I saw, and so
No more of it would see I paced to and fro
My bosom clasped the Moon, unsatisfied
Crowned with loftiest stars, within them shut,
I did the full burnished Hyperion ride ,
I did the Heavens with my ramblings shake ,
To Uranus and Neptune did I go,
And on the Polar Star a haven make
Then, through unpolluted days the fairest,
And unrivalled mien of the darkest
Startful night I wandered far, but in vain ,
For long, through, and past the skies I went, but
Discontent to the earth came back again

If defeated nations, all of the ,
could have heard my voice, by some miracle,
I alone their tide of grief would stem ,
but then I should be on the pinnacle
of glory Who then would rue ?
To-day who lost their lovèd ones are sad,
and I with them grieve too

As man battles, and no peace exists,
flowers blossom in the glade ,
and streams rattle down the hilly shade ,
the deer frolics in the field , birds twitter
as they fly below the ancient skies, where
stars beam with age-old serenity,
and with time has spring come again

June, 1942

To A Picture

Speak not fair seraph thy behest to me,
For I can read what others cannot see
In treasured beauty's wordless mirthless Jollity

I know for my afflictions thou dost grieve,
And wouldst have me hold waters in a sieve,
For dost thou not call me to kiss thee with a heave?

But why shouldst thou fear if I have turned wild?
For me not yet hath that madness beguiled,
But to thy love hath awakened and kept me so mild

That when I shed tears my eyes to assuage,
I gather them up to fulfil my pledge,
And pour on thy feet as oblation of vintage

Now, that I do love thee thou knowest well,
So wail not, but keep it secret, and spell
It not in joy or sorrow, but with patience dwell

In this terrestrial cage, for in heaven
We shall one day meet never grief to ken,
But together live an idol and her flamen

For of the lightened mysteries what is love?
A skiey ladder eversoaring dove,
That tak'th its world dejected to the high above

If it were left to my choice I'd live
not 'mong champacs, or daffodils which lie
in crofts, or nymphs of wine and mirth that live
a joy, or pain, to fade though by and by
Neither where rich luxury meets the sky,
or enthroned diamonds luster in the crown,
or by religion's holy shrine on high,
nor at thy cruel doot's offended frown

But in sweet Denmark's clime the walls of whose
sea-girt homes are filled with love ne'er to bruise,
there it bowers the songthush's known to drown
in melody —Or in a sad, dim, brown,
desert of endless dunes, where I may lose
all sight and sense forgetting all that's known

It seems by chance alone our lights shine more,
And things but look brighter in this braggard age
Than in the crude, though better days before
Man's inner nature is yet too savage

Fooled to hope in war as if to ravage
Were divine duty What evil whose mere
Touch pulls down the flight of our turning page,
Our bread and craving for God not then near

'Tis time the mind had thought of happier
Moments and wove the thread which has been spun
Much's there in spirit and Nature to be done
O', come, come, let us all join together
Like embraced lovers 'neath a bower,
For this good earth belongs to everyone

‘ Perhaps the deities we have made of clay,
Of woman-lust, of wealth, or fame to span,
At death rise our souls to them, and melt ’way
To some end lower than the stage of Man

FRANCE

O France, France, why sellest thou thy flowers
From unripe beds to hands that aren't coy?
The world hath made of thee her jocund toy,
Sullyng in shamelessness thy arbours
Thy pebbled mansions bathe in wantonness—
Hold the ruse and rush of entertainments!
Thou wearest only deathly ornaments,
And spreadest gloom in seeming joyfulness

Yet is there time to raise thyself I fear
With thee shall stumble, many a near
And distant soul, enwrap'd in such a pall
As lay'st Oblivion on dishonour's fall
Pause awhile now, and this mesh timely tear
Away, wait not when vain shalt be thy call

Paris, February 1937

TO THE ORIENT

Wear if Thou, must the mantle of the West,
But its darkened pieces tear away, and,
In thy own pure Jewels appear at best,
With crown and sceptre from Arabia's land,—
Of giant awe in culture's lightened hand
Thy white trail held aloft by honor's Sun
In every clime, and thou majestic, grand,
Pacing shy, slow, now fast, with eyes that shun
Who look askance Thus would I see thee won
To my will —Go first where holy springs call
Weak, ill, dying minds that have not yet done
With hope, lame of custom that cannot sprawl,
Blind, sick with bias, trimming their own fall,
So cleansed come and take what our world hath spun

O do not conceal from me that secret
of life which never took shape before man.
Yea, tell me in what mould it has been set,
for here that I'll not see nor ever can
Without Thee. My eyes do roam and turn wan ;
the brain is amazed in making its own,
and is teased to the end where it began ;
the body becomes nothing left alone.
Great One, I promise if thou makest known
and showest in full form eternity,
like a good, or bad dream lived in fully,
I shall not lose myself, for nearness groan,
love it more than Thee, proclaim its beauty,
have anything to do with it once flown

TO A L A Y OF FAME

Thou art not that star which in its fixed state
Remaineth, keeping scattered ones away,
Who move for a glance with slow peeping gait
Till at last so teased from their sheen^o stray
But that who brightest of all art lofty,
Sweet changing thy heart again and again,
Whilst we for e'er are true to love and thee,
At every thought more steadfast to thy reign
If now I ask why beauty hath power
To hold those it looketh on as unknown,
Thou canst not tell me, and less, why thrown
Space afar and without hope to succour
Thy worshippers all by the selves have sown
A longing for an un'ware unseen flower

Y W I A

My sweet soprano plays with me a game .
She takes me with her voice to unknown skies,
And drops me to the earth again aflame ,
When to her fluttering wings she calls, and spies
A stream plunges me, and I swim in sighs—
At ebb,—afloat —repelled,—ashore at last
But soon a ramble in lost ways that dies
When holding to her raven soar we dart
On a frolicsome prey, and flit, flit, cast
In lightening, or waves, and smoothly wing
O'er home, sea, mast, cliff—future and the past
Then to such a torque she wreathes me when changin
To a meteor now that love revealin
Itself all cries of silence dance and sing

ROKEN RHAPSODY.

She said : 'Not full three years ago I used
To dream that the day would come when every
May we'd go amaying and saunter by
The shallow river whose every pebble
Can be seen ; live awhile on Lake Maligne ;
Visit Miami Beach ; yacht on the Rhine ;
Sail the south seas, and bathe in the Circle
Of the North, melting snows of Finland.' 'Twas
The same dream that every one in early
Youth has dreamed, but without life's bitter song.
I know that fairyland is on this real
Earth of ours, but not for those who sigh,
Whose hearts are by this age with anguish bruised,
And ne'er for too long.

O, Hell bedivilled ! O, Earth bedevilled !
Thou malicious villainous earth ! Shatter
Thou upon my curse ! Shatter thou upon
The rocks of love, without one flame or flare !
Self-destroyed be thou, in effacement still'd !
Scattered like thin air !

I until this day in boyish fancy
Lived, but one's boyish fancies too come true,
If fearlessly we wander forth—forsake
The weary haven of our dismal homes, break
The less attachments, sans yearning, sans hate;
The less fascinating bonds, in mirth, or rue,
Before it is too late.

But who chains of fate to whom can harness?
The "cannot" and "can" make up one's complete
Existence, bound to the luck of every
Other thing, for all is life. And if we
Should move a step whither 'twas not foreplann'd,
The entire universe would blunder, and
Chaos end in nothingness.

I too have in the rowdy crowd afire
And at my table playing pensive wise,
Thought as others in real deep thinking
Do, and said, 'I can what I desire,
I, I am my fate ' But alas ! forthwith
It proves otherwise

O, Thou Love, great Love, divine Love perfect
Love , thou Love within Love, Love upon Love,
Born of Love, deathless Love such hope now move
Of happiness that loving liene
Needs must come to me

Indeed the love of those we love—who haunt
The temple of our lives ambition, or
The love of those who said they loved us,
And truly loved us too, that love, that love,
Alone we want

But those we endear and cherish most know
Not our feelings. We dare not out of fear
Or shyness tell them of our love and woe,
Yet our hearts for them are aching, and our
Beings going to waste for them.

But if she should gauge my love, unhearing
Hear the unspoken word from gloom's abyss
And caress my lips of life the bloss'ming
Universe shall be hers and a crown true
Diamonded with heaven's stars, the Sun
And zenith Moon, for I should take her to
Where my soul dwells alone, and in itself
Has all that is !

Destiny plays me false and wastes my time
As Phoebus scans the full-circled band
Of Heaven by each fraction of the rhyme
His rays play on all heavenly bodies,
I within the meaning of my higher
Self have grasped at naught pervaded by her
Distracting hand

I know Ebba of the Danish ville, and
Geneveve, Jean, and Marguerite, the fair
Lady of Rue de L'Assumption,
And Ruth,...each a witness to her Maker;
For she surpasses the fabled beauty
Of dawn and dusk, of peace, and honest strife
Seen from sublime success.—But no greater
Beauty than the love I gave you ever
Came into my life.

I've seen the midnight Sun, and sunset in
Norwegian Fjords; a whole world of flowers
In Nature's own vale; peerless Lake Maligne;
The Taj; and faery dances by those who
Thus adore their Maker at such bidding
As conscience alone can give to mortal
Limbs; heard God-instill'd music; and for hours
At a time in bliss have sat insensate,
Awful, musing.

Ah! it was but yesterday that my heart
Expanding wide as all the universe,
And within it love and without it love,
Here the Spirit Supreme itself was named
"Love"—had loved you to all-immaculate
Perfection, and to-day that love within
My heart exists no more

O why this feigned pretence of love and life?
Why desired whispers, feigned eyes, an'
Pretended kisses, and embraces rife?
We never loved, nor love to-day nor were
Were we born to love When near at hand
We clasped each other to our bosoms, but
When apart we forgot even the bliss
And deep solemnity of our first kiss

Bring me back those loveliest roses dead,
That perchance I blow some life in them anew,
Perchance, again, I bloom with happiness,
Perchance, again, my dream of life come true

Why is it that the songs I sing, and 'gain,
The melodies that rise within my heart
Of heart find not a place in hers? Apart
Why glad in the dull are my words? Why my
Strength and sleep do wane?

O Thou beauteous Sun, shine upon my
Fate! Shine with all the powers of thy mien!
Shine with all thy love! All thy Self immense,
And all thy creative spell! Out-do thine
Burnished splendour mighty! Shine upon
My countenance!

Every one I know and learn to love, is
Far Banished from my solitary life
One mischief makes, and we ill-feeling's strife
Live, or, for some misunderstanding small
Behave like little children, or the call
Of travel sounds that we seldom meet again,
Or, the slick hand of ruthless death lays by
Beyond our mortal eyes

O come now, come to-morrow, come again,
And again I'll love you with a greater
Love than ever ever loved Come in rain
Or sunshine, in storms, or when the weather
Sleeps to lullabies of soft wind's love-lore
Come, abide with me, for I'll bring you want you
Have never known before

O, ' I kissed, I laughed, for I was alone ;
No power too that could from there entice ;
I thought of something that nothing could in
Imagination be ; I went nowhere and
Yet I was in Paradise.

This summer morn the songs I sing o' verse
And the melodies that rise within my
Heart of heart have found a place in hers .
My words have pierced her to the soul, and my
Body abounds in strength.

O, Thou Great Grandeur of Life! O, Peace, O,
Sublime Similitude! A fragment of
Thy Love to us! We are the willing ones
And Thou who willest!

O some merit come, some beauty, grace of
Thought, some Love! And this bestow with
sustain'd
Power from off Thine own resplendent Self!

Yea, I saw Hercules weep, and Samson,
Great Socrates and greater still, the fears
Of Holy Prophets. So what wonder strange
If I weep too: there are times when lonesome
The overburthened mind seeks to break
The monotony of its grief with tears

“ Why bringest thou that figure before me?
Take off its dark veil whose name is mystery;
Or take away the vague figure itself
That I may never know the word mystery.
Nor e’er think there such a lost shape can be.

O, Thou God of beauty and of perfect
Love! Me thy belovèd make ! me within
Thy entire Self! On me lavish all thy
Love and bliss, and me seek in wood and town.
On sea, and hill, and valley ! upon me,
And in me rest !

Yea, become my feeling, my touch, and sight,
And word and voice, and All Or let me thy
Feeling be, thy touch, thy sight, and word, and
Voice, and All. 'Tis the same with difference
none !

Zephyr itself, storms, and gentle breezes,
Hurricanes, and winds, the good seed my bold
Pen has wished to sow, shall spread all over
The earth, and not in vain. Biassed voices
Shall be hushed and never heard. Everywhere
This voice shall be supreme; such vehement
Power my star does hold.

Why think of what there might have been or
may

Yet be to come From frail humanity, O woe !

I refuge seek within my knowledge that

Humanity is frail and when I have

The worth of thee, O Happiness, I know

That thou wilt come my way